



Kepler 61b



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Chapter 1 by ArchAngel

Log Entry #1

Our research vessel, The Beagle II, crashed on entry. 7 of us survived, all biochemists, but I'm all that's left. We were not prepared for the nightmare of this jungle world, Kepler 61b. Each of the 6 crew members died a bizarre and horrific death. I'll log each death as a separate Chapter, I can only hope, if this Log is discovered, it will be useful to future expeditions.

Chapter 2 by MysticShadow



Log Entry #2 - Date - 3 Days after Crash

Today Dr. Adriana Lock - Crew Number: 785/963 died.

Her death and the way she died has been burned into my mind for eternity, left there to haunt my dreams.

The day started like any other; we had our fire going with a few of us laying traps and searching for edible foods. Our rations were dangerously low, most of the items burned during the crash. Dr. Lock was in charge of finding drinkable water, as most of the puddles and small ponds

around us proved undrinkable, the water turning a strange crimson once boiled.

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Dr. Lock traveled deeper into the jungle, to base falling on deaf ears. Upon her return she urged us to follow her, saying she had found fresh water. We hiked for a few hours, Dr. Lock's usual reserved

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personality transformed into manic excitement. She led us to a clearing with a small waterfall. She danced around the outer edges, shock, and confusion the only way I can explain her behaviour.

Upon questioning she admitted to having drunk from the water without boiling it first, saying that the water should be clean after nature has already filtered the water for us. Most of us found Dr. Lock's assessment inadequate and lacking in rationality.

The symptoms started once we got back at camp.

At first, she appeared fine, still somewhat manic in her excitement, but a little more reserved as if her rational mind was regaining ground.

I will attempt to list the symptoms in the order they appeared.

First Symptom - Convulsions,

Second Symptom - Erratic behavior,

Third Symptom - Dark purple and green bruising beneath her eyes, that seemed to cause her blindness,

Fourth and last Symptom - Parasitic Infection.

The fourth Symptom proved to be the deadliest, causing Dr. Lock to bleed out. Small laceration formed on her skin, dark brown liquid spilling from the cuts. Her skin also changed color, deep cracks of orange lines Criss- crossing across her body. Her blood collected into, small bubble like drops, which we later discovered was the egg sack of the parasite that had hatched.

Dr. Lock's body was covered in these tiny bubbles, the sight horrific and unnatural. The rest of us were unable to touch or help her, for fear of contracting the same parasite. Her body was bled clean, all liquid absorbed into these balls. After the balls had filled, they seemed just to peel off her body, dropping into the ground.

It took the parasite less than 2 hours to kill Dr. Lock

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End of Entry

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Chapter 3 by MysticShadow



#Log Entry

Days - 9 Days after the Crash

Dr. Bill Friedman died today - Crew Number: 788/954

After Dr. Lock's death, we all decided it would be best to set up camp elsewhere, the stench of burned flesh to overwhelming to stay at our current location.

We tracked the forest for two days when Dr. Friedman was bitten. At the time, we disregarded the bite as nothing more than a mosquito bite, the bite-mark nothing but a small red dot. We treated the bite with disinfectant thinking the wound sterilized.

On the fourth day, I started to notice that Dr. Friedman was sweating profusely, his clothes soaked, his hair everything. Most of the other's said that the days were very humid and hot, and that's why he was sweating like that. Even though their reasoning was sound and rational, something just didn't seem right to me.

In the next 72 hours, we would bear witness to another horrifying death.

First 24 Hours,

Dr. Friedman was acting strangely, his behavior volatile and edgy. He would have a small burst of anger, followed by confusion. We found him sleeping in his fesses, and upon further examination discovered that he ate some of it.

Next 24 Hours,

Today we had to secure Dr. Friedman, his behavior having escalated to full out hostility. He attacked Dr. Montage. The attack had been ferocious, as Dr. Friedman had ripped through flesh,

taking large chunks from Dr. Montage's upper torso. We had to sedate Dr. Friedman. Once Dr. Friedman was sedated did we examine him. As we discovered the small bite mark had turned septic, almost like septicemia. The veins continued up, in his arm, and merge at the base of his

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skull. We also discovered that Dr. Friedman had been biting and scratching himself, large lacerations across his upper thighs, with deep bite marks on his arms.

Last 24 Hours,

We sedated Dr. Friedman, hoping the sedative would work as a counter agent. We had no other equipment with us to examine his bloodwork or the bite. We found Dr. Friedman laying in a pool of his blood, two of his fingers in his mouth. It would seem that Dr. Friedman ripped himself to shreds, pieces of flesh lying around him. One of his eyes was in his hand, along with his tongue. His throat had also been ripped out; the piece gripped in his other hand. We have no idea how he managed to inflict this much damage upon himself, or how he managed to counteract the sedative.

Dr. Friedman was a brilliant man; that did not deserve this horrific death. It took the bite 72 hours to kill Dr. Friedman.

We also burned his body.

End of Entry,

Log Off.

Chapter 4 by Lucifreyja



Log Entry #4 - Date - 12 Days after Crash

Dr. Eloise Simian - Crew Number: 781/963 joins the dead.

For three days and two nights we were more careful. We took precautions with everything we ate and drank, and we tread carefully over the harsh terrain. But despite our best efforts, we lost another member to Kepler 61b.

On the third night, we awoke to screaming, shrill like a coyote. But it was no coyote. It was Dr. Simian. Our new camping location proved to be fatal for her. We rushed to the sound, but found that her sleeping bag was already empty. The remaining crew and I set out to search for her in

the dark and humid night.

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We found her jacket first, stark white against our bright searchlights, hanging from the branch of a tree. It's vines were still wrapped around it. Below us we heard the sound of gurgling, or choking, and dropped our lights to see Dr. Simian half submerged in the

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earth. One of those thick vines was wrapped around her throat, squeezing the life out of her. I will never forget the look in her bulging eyes, bloodshot and surrounded by purple asphyxiated flesh. She had no breath left to ask for help. I feared her soul had already left by the time we were able to pry the massive vines from her body, for there was an emptiness behind her eyes.

We did not lay her to rest in the earth that nearly devoured her. Like the fallen before her, we burned her body the next morning. I still don't know why she would leave her tent in such conditions. As a biochemist, she should have known better. But perhaps I would have done the same if I were her, if something had lured me away. The curious mind is a dangerous thing. Nevertheless, I hope that this information will be useful to the next to explore this planet.

Don't trust the trees. They are alive. And they are hungry.

End of Entry.

Log Off

Chapter 5 by Sub-Reality



Log Entry #5 - Date - 17 Days after Crash

Dr. Moses Montage - Crew Number: 441/963 lost.

There were only four of us left. 3 as of today. The recent deaths of our crew members had taken it's toll on all of us. The more obviously shook was Dr. Montage who had been seriously wounded by Dr. Friedman. We attributed his extreme paranoia to his damaged mental state and would dismiss his statements of something following us, no matter how insistent he was.

As we trekked through the dense wilderness he would frequently stop and stare out into the trees at nothing, we presumed. The last few nights as we sat in the dark, encircling the camp fire, he would hold himself tightly, trembling. We worried about his mental health.

But as it would seem, Dr. Montage was right. Something had been following us. We were woken up in the middle of the night by Dr. Montage's screams rapidly fading into the distance. We

could not even grab our flashlights and chase after him fast enough to catch up to it. It happened so fast. In mere seconds, we could only track the drag marks to the river where they ended. No one was there.

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We decided to vacate the area and continue, at least until we had put some distance between us and that river.

We could only imagine what unfathomable beast had carried Dr. Montage off so quickly. And what fate Dr. Montage met. The lack of knowing is probably the worst of it all.

End of Entry.

Log Off

Chapter 6 by



Log Entry #6 - Date - 22 days after the crash

Dr. Alan Hughman - Crew Number: 900/963 deceased.

We have few rations remaining. At anytime, someone might end up dead. Only three hopeful souls are left wandering this new area we just discovered. Massive blocks of seemingly sculptured volcanic rocks spew small amounts of lava from almost all crevices. The sulfuric stench overwhelms the air, thus forcing us back to a clearer area where few molds living off from the heat, grow.

I've never felt this comforting warmth eversince we left the crash site. Dr. Hughman chuckled and bit the remaining cracker in his pack. *Judging from the the presence of these volcanic materials, we might be in the mouth of a super volcano.*

Not necessarily the mouth, we might be standing over a side vent. I responded. Nobody had to spell out what might happen. After all the deaths, we knew we might not survive. It's just a matter of the manner death that awaits for each of us.

Throwing a human body in a vent would obviously incinerate it. However, it doesn't melt simply just like how Gollum died. With a body made of 70% water, it would likely explode before it reaches the lake of fire. The doctor took out his last smoke and sat on the molds. *I don't... I don't want any creature feasting over my body. I'm an earthling and will die an earthling.*

Silence befell. He, among the crew, was the only one who had accepted death. We knew his preference of "grandiose" death.

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We lost our footing soon after we stepped onto the shore. The tremor underneath seem to warn us of a future eruption. Back in the forest where we came from, we

hear deafening roars and weird cries from "creatures." It should be a natural reaction of a habitat living nearby a live volcano to escape from impending eruption.

They're alive and they're out there. The doctor dropped his unfinished cigarette and handed us his remaining belongings. *We've stumbled upon a vent and this would most likely erupt in few days. The "creatures" seem to have evacuated the jungle so you're free to return. The most secure area away from the blast would be about 4 miles. Don't waste time.*

He was resigned to his fate.

We looked at him head to the same path we escaped from. After few minutes, we heard muffled coughs... And silence.

End of entry.

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Chapter 7 by ArchAngel



Log Entry #7 - Date - 25 days after the crash

Dr. Samantha Thomas - Crew Number: 772/963 deceased.

The volcanic caldera erupted just as the late Dr Alan Hughman had predicted, rest in peace. We were a safe enough distance away, but the air became heavy with ash, and the skies perpetually dark.

Both Dr Sam Thomas and myself at this stage were fatigued and suffering from dysentery with weakened immune systems. Dr Sam Thomas found she had a type of candida, a fungal infection. It began as a rash in sweaty areas and quickly developed into purple moss. With all our medical supplies now lost, we had no antifungals to stop it from spreading.

If I came into contact with the infection, I would be at risk of contracting it too, so I was unable to offer Sam much comfort. It was very invasive, and within 24 hours it had spread over her

body. It coated her eyes, her mouth, and tongue. Mercifully she didn't suffer long after this, she died of suffocation.

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Chapter 8 by ArchAngel



++++CAPTAIN'S++LOG++++2145.02.18.21:30++++

System: Kepler 61

Requested by Sector Chief to investigate radio silence from Beagle II.

The research vessel was due to land on the super-Earth exoplanet, Kepler 61b, 30 days ago.

Preliminary scans revealed they crashed on entry in the Southern Hemisphere jungle. 18° 2' S / 77° 2' W, ploughing a one kilometre furrow before exploding, scattering debris.

We lost 4 members of the rescue party. Our Doctor's report at the end of this log.

Located one survivor, Dr. Alex Pashkin, currently heavily sedated and quarantined in the medical ward. File of Dr. Pashkin's Log of Beagle II attached. *Pashkin001Kepler61b*

Doctor Mannering's Notes:

Four members of the Rescue Party discovered a clutch of eggs in the thick moss at the base of a tree. Each egg about eight inches in diameter and roughly spherical. When touched they erupted in a cloud of brown smoke (Puffballs). The Rescue Party were coated in the powder. Within half an hour they had difficulty breathing, joints were stiff and skin took on a metallic sheen.

We ran a series of medical checks. They were suffering from hypercalcemia. The calcium from their bones transported through their bloodstream and aggressively spreading to muscles and bodily tissues. Joints and tendons hardened. Carbon and Hydrogen lost through Carbon Dioxide and Hydrogen gas.

After half an hour, I discovered their limbs were now permanently locked in position. As they became increasingly frantic and suffering anxiety attacks, I had to sedate them. Not long after

they suffered heart attacks, the hardened calcium deposit was interrupting heart function. I only managed to keep them alive for a few minutes before their normal processes being disrupted. Their kidneys stopped functioning and their brains. Their eyes glazed over into yellow m...

With the calcification continued for an hour afterwards, until they became useless calcium statues.

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I have not seen anything like this before. Of concern is that all of the crew, including myself, are now also suffering from breathing problems and stiff joints. This is being closely monitored.

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